ECLIPSE COMICS™
NOW MONTHLY!
$1.50
CANADA
$2.25
№ 11
the NEW WAVE™
ANOTHER WINNER IN THE ECLIPSE UNIVERSE!

The PENUMBRA

WRITE TO : ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 199 - GUERNEVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95446

ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 14
"Nobody Loves Me But My Mother"—concluding the saga of Doody, the Boy Prophet. Plus, the finale of the first "Monday the Eliminator" story.

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 10
Four stories, including our first *Ray Bradbury* adaptation, "The Exiles," by Tom Sutton.

AIRBOY no. 11 & 12
Still bi-weekly! Now full size! Learn the origin of Airboy's plane, Birdie, then join Skywolf, Davy and Hirota as they seek the destroyers of Skywolf's island sanctuary. Plus, Skywolf back-ups in each issue!

ZOONIVERSE no. 3
The sadistic Ty Rote sets up an entertaining kangaroo court, and the Kren Patrol falls toward the surface of Mune!

GIANT-SIZE MINI COMICS no. 3
More bizarreness from the minds of the mad geniuses who have made the mini-comics movement, one of the last cottage industries.

THE DREAMERY no. 1
Beginning a new serialized anthology comic! "Andri's Christmas Shoes," the story of a centaur colt who wants real horseshoes like his father.

THE OFFICIAL HAWKMAN INDEX no. 2
All you need to know, complete with cover reproductions, about the adventures of the Feathered Furies from Thanagar.

NEW WAVE no. 11
Now Monthly! After their adventures on the island of Avalon and their battle with the Volunteers, the New Wave go to the circus!

LUGER no. 2
Luger and his—sister(?) travel to a Pacific island in search of the missing girl. By one of the best teams in comics; Bruce Jones, Bo Hampton and Tom Yeates!

MR. MONSTER no. 7
Doc Stearn . . . Mr. Monster makes a career of saving other people from their horrors. But what's hiding under his own bed?

TALES OF THE BEANWORLD no. 5
Find out more about how the mystery pods work, and come meet a nifty new character!

THE OFFICIAL LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES INDEX no. 1
Starting our exhaustive survey of the granddaddy of modern super-hero group comics.

ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE BLACK BELT HAMSTERS in 3-D no. 4
A special Hamster Christmas to you and yours in zany 3-D. Join the Hamsters as they discover the true meaning of Christmas.

THE NEW DNAgents no. 15
An assault of bad news finds Sham melting away into nothingness, which leaves it up to the rest of the team to face the menace of Gemstone II.

VILLAINS & VIGILANTES no. 1
Direct from the popular role-playing game! Two neophyte heroes look for jobs as members of the Crusaders. Instead, they find the Crushers, who have other plans for them.

PORTIA PRINZ OF THE GLAMAZONS no. 1
Portia Prinz, the world's foremost pseudo-intellectual superheroine, returns in this special re-introductory issue. Don't miss this lead in to the five-part story "Glamazon's Burden."

DEPORTEES: One of the weirdest things happened today. I just found out that i am a German citizen.

This is true. I'm not kidding.

I'm still an American citizen, thankfully, but i am also a German citizen. I have what they call "dual nationality."

It amazes me that in all my life the possibility of this never was mentioned, but yesterday, when my sister Letitia (who is studying classical music and wishes to obtain her master's degree in Germany) applied for an alien resident work permit, she was told she didn't need one because she is already a German citizen.

Boy, did this set off the alarms at home! You see, my mother was born in Germany, and fled the country (first to England, then to Italy, and finally to America) during the Nazi era. For the usual obvious reasons. In 1945, before i was born, she was naturalized as an American citizen. Both my sister and i were raised as Americans, and i, as the older, was told many, many things which led me to distrust the German people. (And why not? —hadn't they put my grandfather in Dachau?) (He was released through the intercession of highly-placed Aryan friends, thank god, before Hitler began the full-scale extermination of the Jews, and he and my grandmother settled in New York eventually . . . but my mother's cousin was not so lucky.)

Well, it seems that what with all of the fleeing for her life my mother did, she never renounced her German citizenship. It was unilaterally revoked by the German Nazi government. And with that government since discredited, all their actions became invalid. Thus, to Germany, my mother is simply a citizen who has stayed away without renewing her 1935 passport. She need only apply at the local German consulate and—presto!—she'll be up to date on her paperwork and all will be well with the world. Due to the circumstances under which she left, and the official German policy of atonement for past errors, they won't even make her file a late payment fee, i guess.

Meanwhile, my sister and I have inherited German citizenship from her "as a birthright," according to the U.S. State Department. And since Germany does not revoke one's citizenship if one swears allegiance to another nation (as my mother did when she became an American), even her long residence here and her U.S. citizenship do not conflict with her previous status, in the eyes of German law.

Now, the U.S., as is well known, demands an oath of allegiance from naturalized citizens, and will revoke even a native-born person's citizenship if said person swears allegiance to a foreign power—but Germany requires no oath of allegiance from its native born citizens—or from their children! Thus i am a German citizen AND an American one, through a quirk of the laws of both countries.

Okay. But the question that is weighing heavily on me today is—do i WANT to be a German citizen? I mean, technically i already AM, whether i care to be or not, but the German government doesn't know about it yet, because my birth was never registered with them. Shall i tell them? And if i do, then what?

Yes, it's the Nazi regime that's on my mind. Yes, i know that most Germans today are either innocent of those atrocities, or regret them. (Or so they SAY . . .) Yes, i know that you can't blame an entire nation for the work carried out by the demonic few, and many years ago at that.

BUT . . .

Leaving the rest unsaid . . .

catherine yronwode

THE NEW WAVE™ no. 11, December 1986. Published monthly by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in-Chief. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Sean Deming, Editor. The New Wave, Tachyon, Polestar, Megabyte, Avalon, Impulse, Dot, and all other characters herein TM Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. Story ©1986 Mindy Newell. Art ©1986 Lee Weeks, and Sam de la Rosa. All other material ©1986 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. The stories, characters and events in this magazine are fictional. Film by SM Graphics.

WRITER: MINDY NEWELL ~ PENCILLER: LEE WEEKS ~ INKER: SAM DE LA ROSA,
LETTERER: CARRIE SPIEGLE ~ COLORIST: SAM PARSONS ~ EDITOR: JEAN DEMING
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAT @ YRON WODE

IT WAS GOOD OF POLESTAR TO ARRANGE THIS OUTING.
BUT WHERE IS SHE?
BACKSTAGE, I GUESS.
MAYBE WE CAN MEET HER THERE LATER, AFTER SHE'S ON.
SHE'S GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED THAT YOUR FATHER AND DOT DIDN'T COME.
METS
I DON'T THINK THE CIRCUS IS DOT'S IDEA OF FUN, DANNY.
AS FOR MY FATHER-- WELL, HE SAID HE WAS BUSY.
SO? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT ?
NOTHING.
2

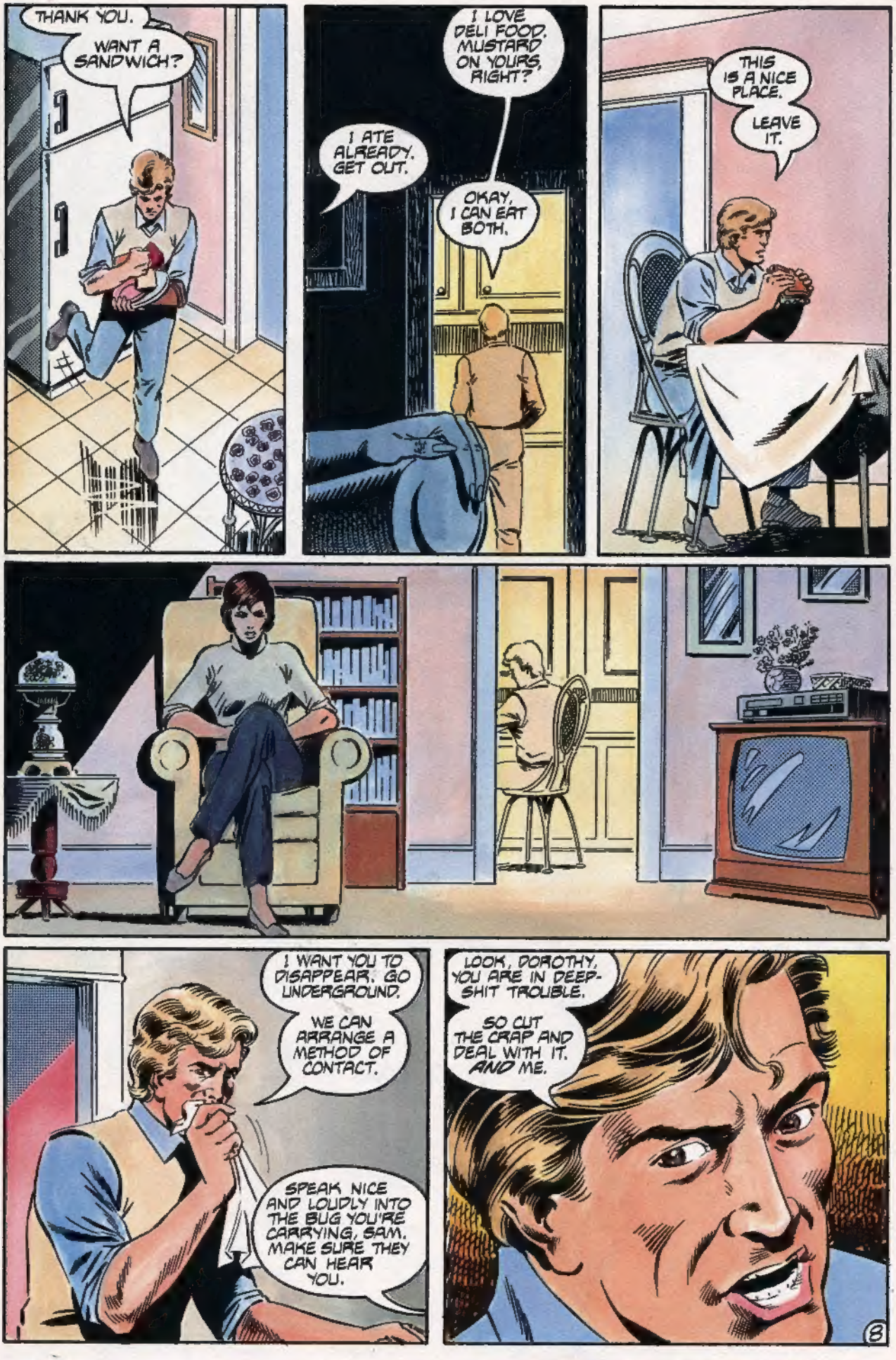
THANK YOU FOR BEING SO PROMPT IN REPLYING, PROFESSOR HOLMES.
I KNOW MY RESPONSIBILITIES AS A FATHER, MS. BERGER.
YET YOU JUST LEARNED OF YOUR DAUGHTER'S EXISTENCE.
THERE WERE MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES. BESIDES, ISN'T THAT MY BUSINESS?
THE DETAILS, PERHAPS. BUT AS ELIZABETH'S GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, MY BUSINESS IS TO SEE THAT SHE IS OBVIOUSLY HAVING DIFFICULTIES.
IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS, ELIZABETH HAS BEEN OUT OF SCHOOL MORE THAN SHE'S BEEN IN. AND HER MARKS ARE SHOWING THE EFFECT.
THERE ARE REASONS FOR HER ABSENCES.
WHICH ARE--?
PERSONAL.
207
I SEE.
PROFESSOR HOLMES, BEING A PARENT INVOLVES MORE THAN READING DR. SPOCK AND T. BERRY BRAZELTON.
I'M AWARE THAT ELIZABETH NO LONGER WEARS DIAPERS, MS. BERGER.
ARE YOU ALSO AWARE THAT SHE HAS A DRUG HABIT?
EH?
SHE WAS CAUGHT IN THE BATHROOM SMOKING CRACK.
3

THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE. DID YOU TALK TO HER?
SHE SAID SHE WAS JUST KEEPING HER FRIENDS COMPANY.
ISN'T THAT POSSIBLE?
ONE OF THE TEACHERS WALKED IN ON THEM.
BUT THIS TEACHER DIDN'T ACTUALLY SEE LIZ SMOKING.
WELL--NO.
SO YOU'RE ACCUSSING MY DAUGHTER ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
PROFESSOR HOLMES, I THINK WE'RE BOTH ABOUT THE SAME AGE, YES?
MEANING??
WE'RE BOTH CHILDREN OF THE '60'S.
I'LL TALK TO HER.
I'D RATHER MEET WITH BOTH OF YOU, PROFESSIONALLY.
DANCE
FIRST I WANT TO TALK TO HER. THANKS FOR THE INTEREST.
4

WHAT'S SO INTERESTING, MORGAN?
HUH?...OH, HI, MERV.
JUST WANTED TO SEE IF MY FRIENDS WERE OUT THERE. GOT THEM TICKETS FOR TONIGHT'S SHOW.
AND?
NO EXIT
THREE OF THEM ARE. TWO ARE MISSING.
SPEAKING OF MISSING, WHERE'S GRIF?
I DUNNO.
JOHN'S LOOKING FOR HIM.
ISN'T YOUR CUE COMING UP?
YEAH, BUT DON'T WORRY. GRIF'S NEVER HELD UP A PERFORMANCE.
WELL, IF I SEE HIM, I'LL LET HIM KNOW YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM.
5

HI, GUYS. HOW GOES IT?
I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO MED SCHOOL.
GOOD CROWD OUT THERE TONIGHT.
UCCH, DELLA, DO YOU MIND NOT SMOKING?
YEP.
DISGUSTING HABIT.
AT LEAST MINE IS LEGAL.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
NOTHING. ONLY THERE'S A LOT MORE NASTY HABITS FLOATING AROUND HERE.
NOT ME, HONEY.
I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT YOU.
SO WHO WERE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SHE KNOWS.
I'M ON IN FIVE MINUTES. GOTTA GO.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE OPENED YOUR BIG MOUTH, DELLA.
WHY NOT? THAT GIRL'S GOT A REAL PROBLEM, AND SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE.
SO? MARY'S NOT GONNA LISTEN TO US, ANYWAY, THEY NEVER DO.
6

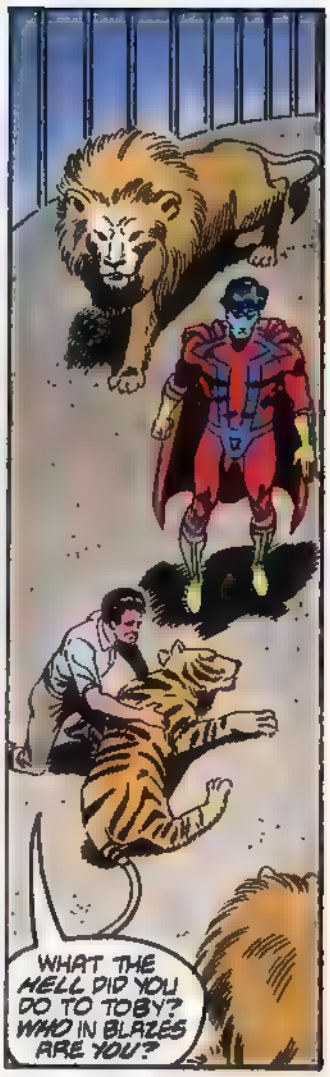
YOU--!
YOU WOULDN'T HEAR ME OUT ON THE PHONE, SO I FLEW UP.
LET ME IN, DOT.
GET OUT OF HERE, SAM.
UH-UH.
SLUD
YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN TO ME, LADY.
YOU'RE RISKING A LOT, SAM.
I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE VOLUNTEERS.
WHO'S TALKING ABOUT THEM?
HIGH VOLTAGE ZAPS, REMEMBER?
MIND IF I RAID YOUR FRIDGE?
I TOLD THEIR DEPARTMENT HEAD YOU WERE MY RESPONSIBILITY. HE WOULDN'T LISTEN.
SO BRAVE OF YOU, SAM.


THANK YOU.
WANT A SANDWICH?
I LOVE DELI FOOD. MUSTARD ON YOURS, RIGHT?
I ATE ALREADY. GET OUT.
OKAY, I CAN EAT BOTH.
THIS IS A NICE PLACE.
LEAVE IT.
I WANT YOU TO DISAPPEAR. GO UNDERGROUND.
WE CAN ARRANGE A METHOD OF CONTACT.
SPEAK NICE AND LOUDLY INTO THE BUG YOU'RE CARRYING, SAM. MAKE SURE THEY CAN HEAR YOU.
LOOK, DOROTHY, YOU ARE IN DEEP-SHIT TROUBLE.
SO CUT THE CRAP AND DEAL WITH IT. AND ME.
8

--AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, DIRECT YOUR EYES TO THE CENTER RING--
"--WHERE YOU WILL SEE A BRAVE DEMONSTRATION OF THE MASTERY OF MAN OVER BEAST."
RAWWRR
DRUGGED.
CRAACK!
I BET THOSE POOR ANIMALS ARE DRUGGED.
THEY CAN'T BE, DANNY. IT'S ILLEGAL.
SO WHAT?
ONCE, AT HOME, AN ENTERTAINER MISCALCULATED.
HE WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED BY HIS ANIMALS.
9

WELL, THAT WON'T HAPPEN HERE, TACKY. WATCH. IT'S ALL A GAME.
CRAACKK
RRAWWR
RRWWRR
EEEN

DO NOT WORRY, SIR.
HUH--?

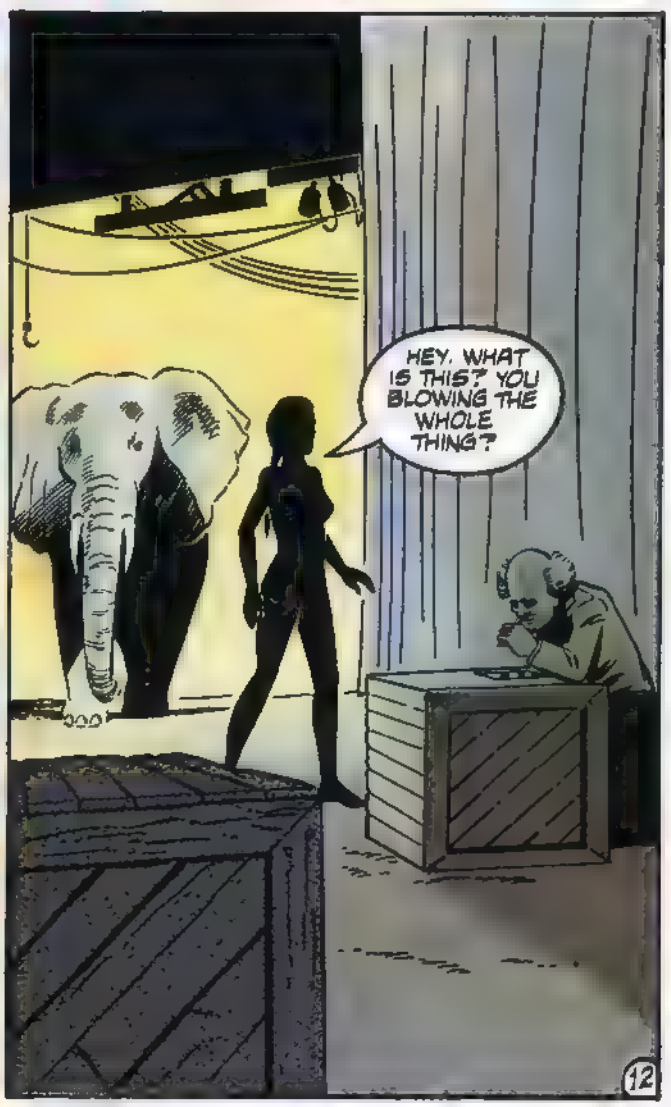

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO TOBY? WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?

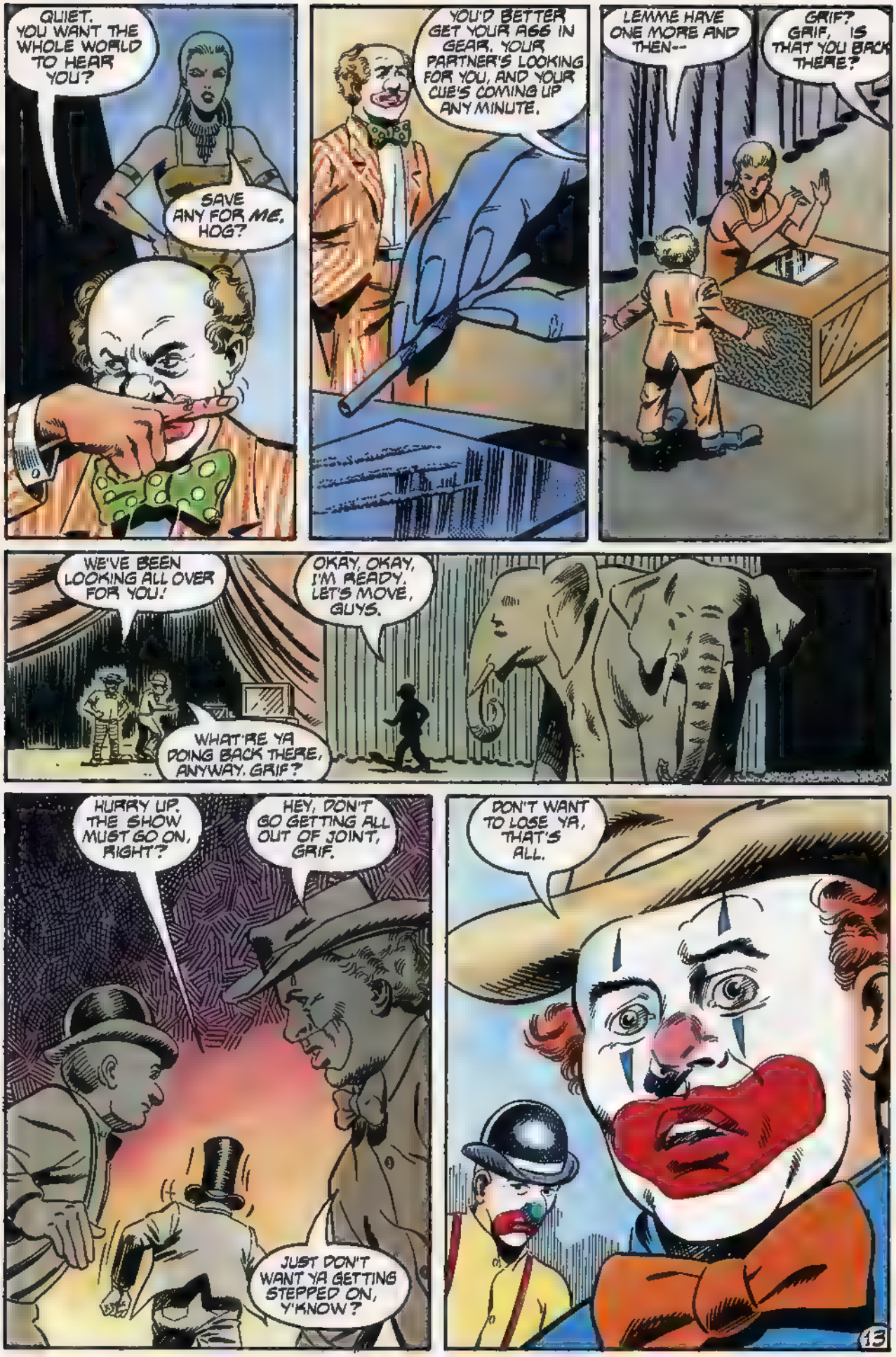
YOU'RE RUINING THE ACT! GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!
HAHAHA
I--AM SORRY. I WILL FIX THE CAGE.
IDIOT!

ROAARR
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

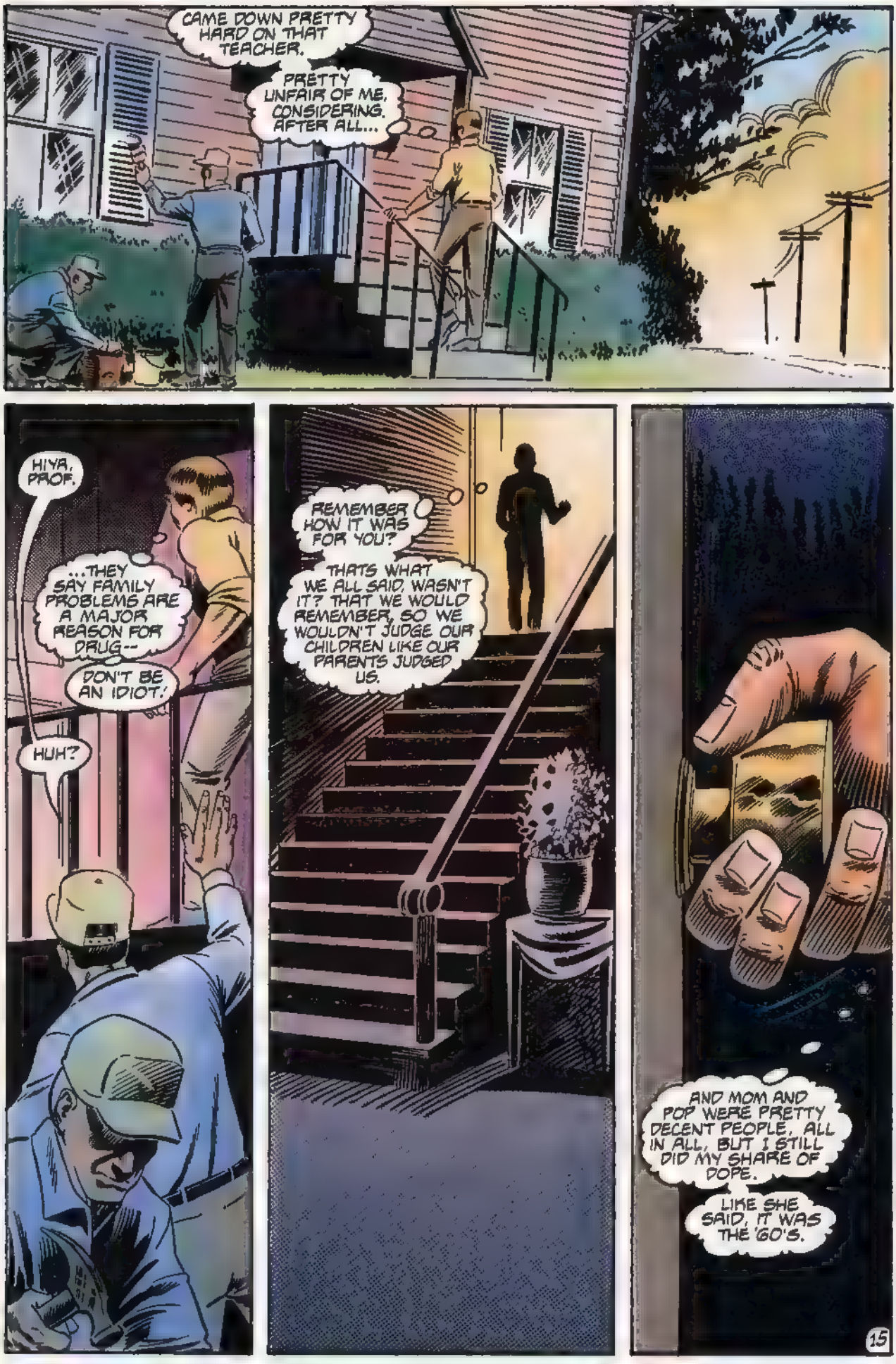
EXCUSE ME--EXCUSE ME.
THAT WAS GREAT!
VERY ORIGINAL ACT, EH, MARTHA?
NOT REALLY, JONATHAN.

HOO, BOY. YOU ALMOST BLEW THE WHOLE THING THERE!
NEVER MIND, TACKY. YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, THAT'S ALL.


HEY, WHAT IS THIS? YOU BLOWING THE WHOLE THING?


QUIET. YOU WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO HEAR YOU?
SAVE ANY FOR ME, HOG?
YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR. YOUR PARTNER'S LOOKING FOR YOU, AND YOUR CUE'S COMING UP ANY MINUTE.
LEMME HAVE ONE MORE AND THEN--
GRIF? GRIF, IS THAT YOU BACK THERE?
WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!
OKAY, OKAY, I'M READY. LET'S MOVE, GUYS.
WHAT'RE YA DOING BACK THERE, ANYWAY, GRIF?
HURRY UP. THE SHOW MUST GO ON, RIGHT?
HEY, DON'T GO GETTING ALL OUT OF JOINT, GRIF.
JUST DON'T WANT YA GETTING STEPPED ON, Y'KNOW?
DON'T WANT TO LOSE YA, THAT'S ALL.

BRINGG!
BRINGGGG!
BRINGGGG!
BRINGG!
BRINGGGG!
BRINGGGG!
BRINGGG!
BRINGG!
14

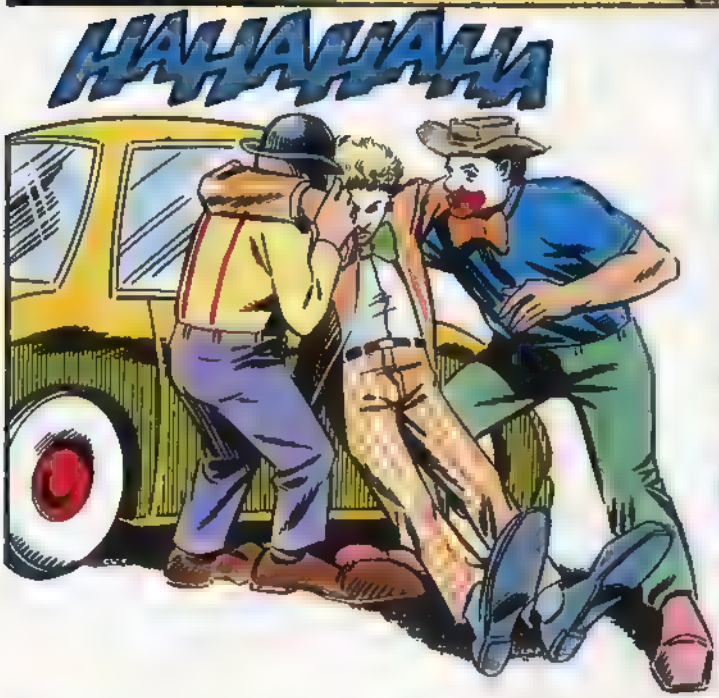

CAME DOWN PRETTY HARD ON THAT TEACHER.
PRETTY UNFAIR OF ME, CONSIDERING. AFTER ALL...
HIYA, PROF.
...THEY SAY FAMILY PROBLEMS ARE A MAJOR REASON FOR DRUG--
DON'T BE AN IDIOT.
HUH?
REMEMBER HOW IT WAS FOR YOU?
THAT'S WHAT WE ALL SAID, WASN'T IT? THAT WE WOULD REMEMBER, SO WE WOULDN'T JUDGE OUR CHILDREN LIKE OUR PARENTS JUDGED US.
AND MOM AND POP WERE PRETTY DECENT PEOPLE. ALL IN ALL, BUT I STILL DID MY SHARE OF DOPE.
LIKE SHE SAID, IT WAS THE '60'S.
15

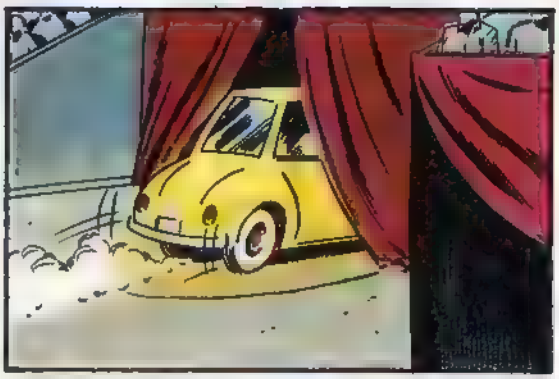
DAMN, THAT WAS THEN! THIS IS NOW, AND ELIZABETH'S ONLY FIFTEEN!
AND I'M THE FATHER, I HAVE TO SET SOME RULES HERE!
OKAY, SO I DID MY SHARE. AT LEAST THAT MEANS I KNOW WHERE TO SEARCH--
THIS IS NO GOOD.
THERE HAS TO BE A BETTER WAY.

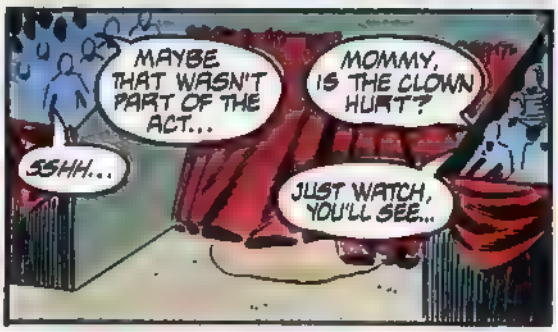
LAAA-DIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND CHILDREN OF ALLLL AGES...
MERV, GRIF, N' JOHNNY!!!
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
CLAP CLAP
HAHA
HAHA
HAHA
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
CLAP
CLAP

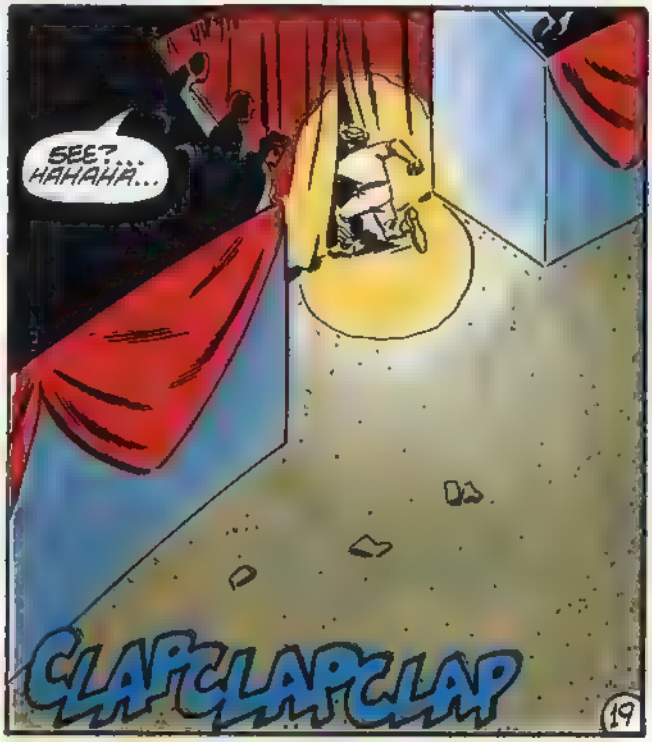
ARF!
ARF! ARF
THUMP!
OOOOOH
AAAAHH

HAHA
HAHAH


HAHAHAHA




MAYBE THAT WASN'T PART OF THE ACT...
MOMMY, IS THE CLOWN HURT?
SSHH...
JUST WATCH, YOU'LL SEE...

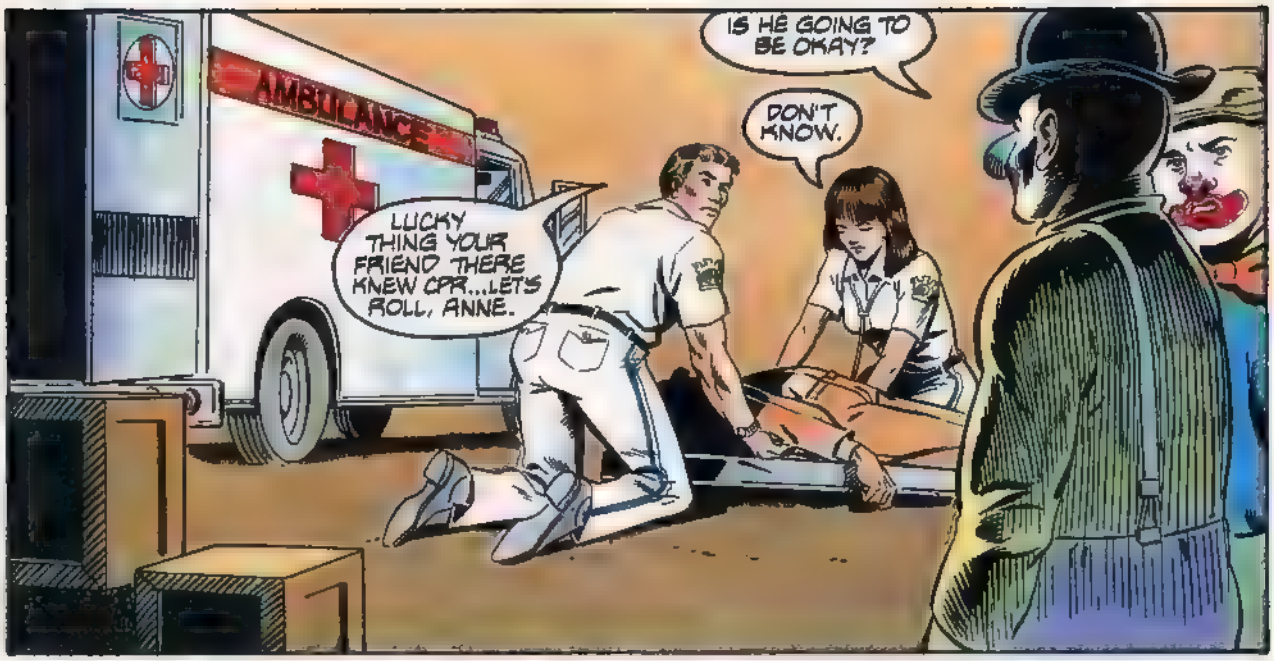

SEE? HAHAHA...
CLAP CLAP CLAP

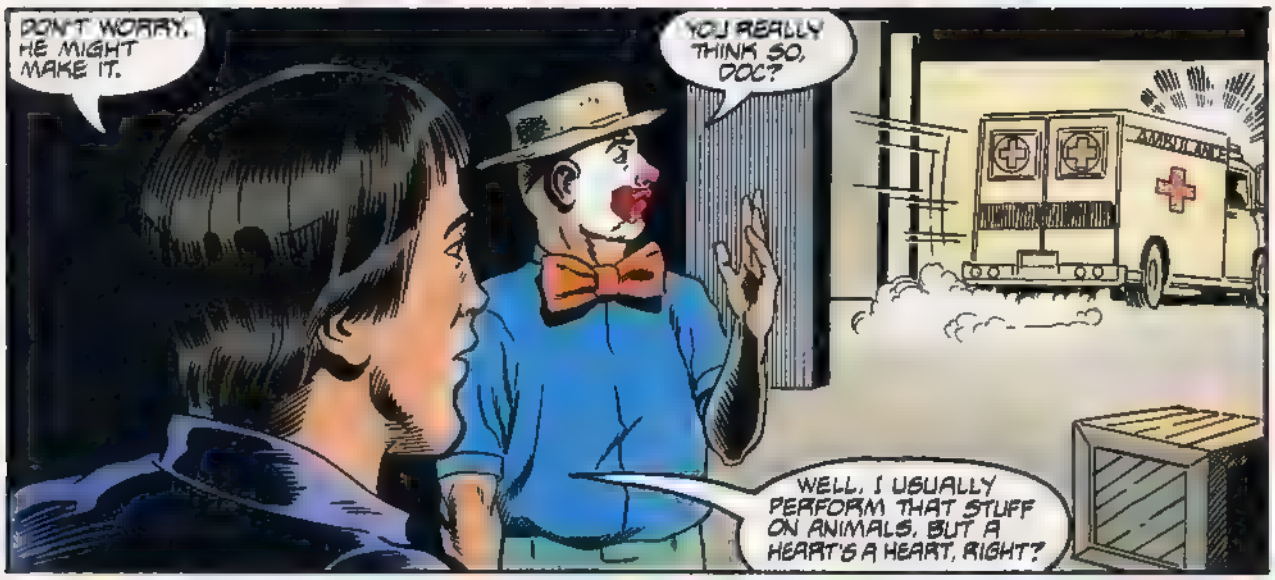
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LIFT YOUR EYES TO THE AIR, WHERE YOU WILL WITNESS AMAZING DEATH-DEFYING FEATS ON THE TRAPEZE WITH—
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
WHO IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE NURSE?
DID SOMEBODY CALL 911?
ONE-AND-TWO-AND-THREE-AND-FOUR-AND-FIVE-AND-ONE-AND-TWO-AND-THREE...
DONALD'S THE VET, HE DOESN'T WORK ON PEOPLE--DOES HE KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING?
HE KNOWS MORE THAN YOU DO!
WHERE'RE MERV AND JOHNNY?
OVER THERE...
GHOUL?
20

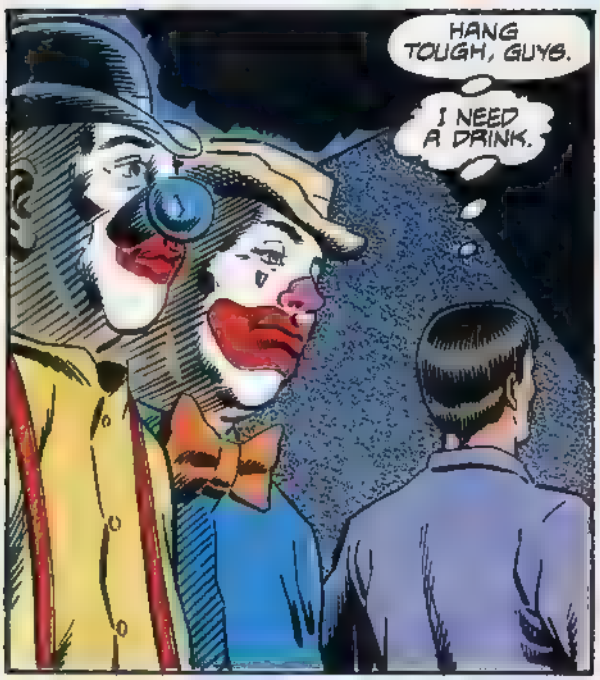
IT'S MY FAULT. I KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING, AND I DIDN'T STOP HIM.
UP↑
ME, TOO. WE'RE BOTH GUILTY.
THEN COUNT ME IN, TOO, FELLAS.
IS HE--?
DONALD'S WORKING ON HIM. BOSS CALLED 911--
LOOK, MAYBE IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH DOPE.
YEAH, HEY, MERV, MAYBE HE JUST TOOK THE FALL WRONG, MAYBE-
YEAH, RIGHT.
21

MORGAN--
YOU'RE ON DECK!
IN A MINUTE, TODD.
GO AHEAD, MORGAN. SHOW'S GOTTA GO ON, RIGHT?
LAAA-DIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN THE CENTER RING, MISTRESS OF THE POLEVAULT-- POLESTAR!--
TOO BAD ABOUT GRIF, AIN'T IT?
SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.
BUT YOU DO
--AND IN THE SECOND RING, QUEEN OF THE HIGH-FLYERS-- LADY ZSA-ZSA--
HE'S GOT THAT RIGHT.
HEY, GRIF COULDN'T HANDLE IT. I CAN.
LISTEN, "LADY ZSA-ZSA," I---
22

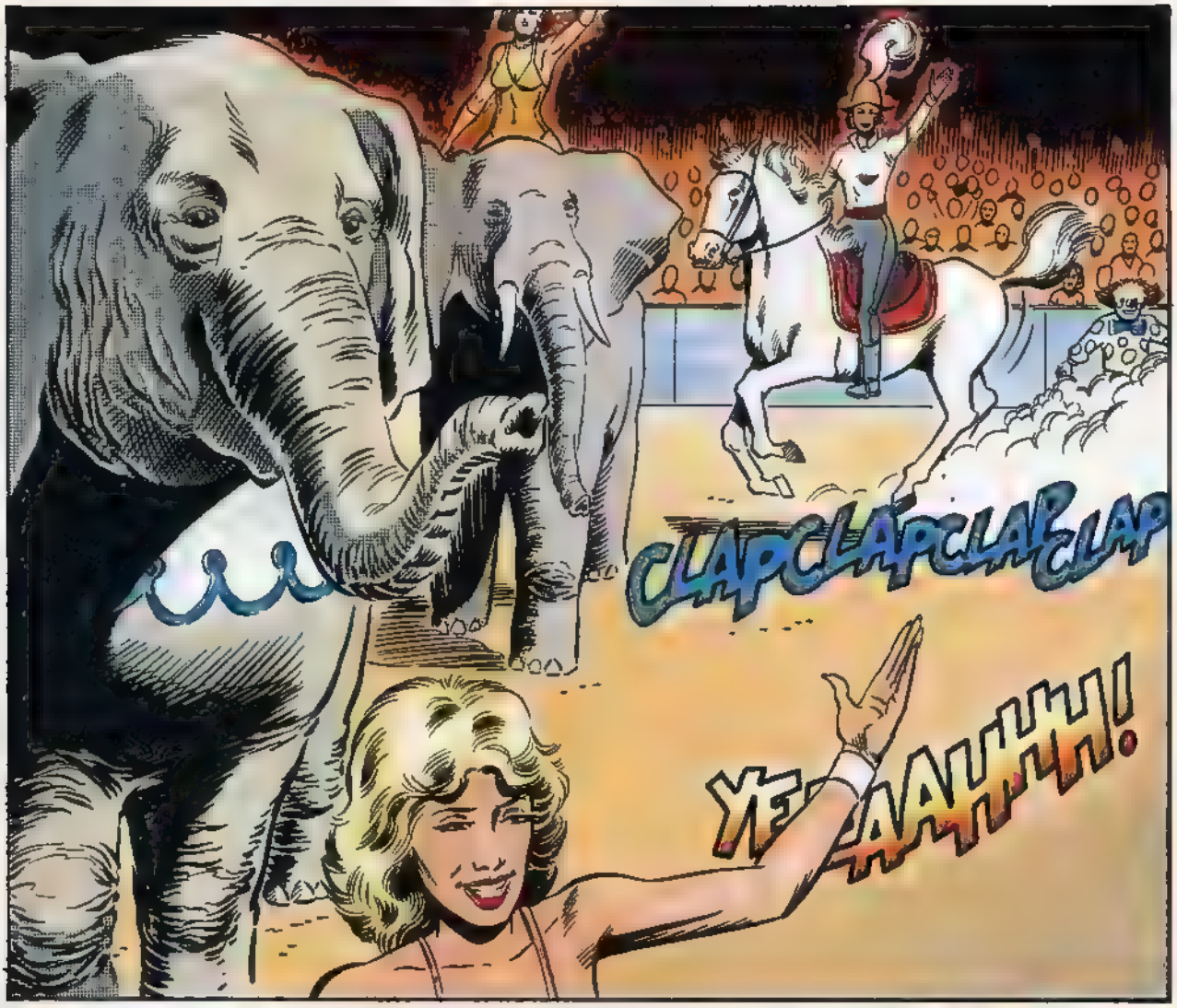
--AND IN THE THIRD RING, THE ANGEL OF THE AIRWAYS!
HEY, THERE'S POLESTAR!
MUST BE A GREAT LIFE, Y'KNOW, LIZ? TRAVELING ALL OVER, PERFORMING IN FRONT OF CROWDS, GETTING APPLAUSE.
YEAH, MAKES ME JEALOUS.
23


AMBULANCE
LUCKY THING YOUR FRIEND THERE KNEW CPR...LET'S ROLL, ANNE.
IS HE GOING TO BE OKAY?
DON'T KNOW.

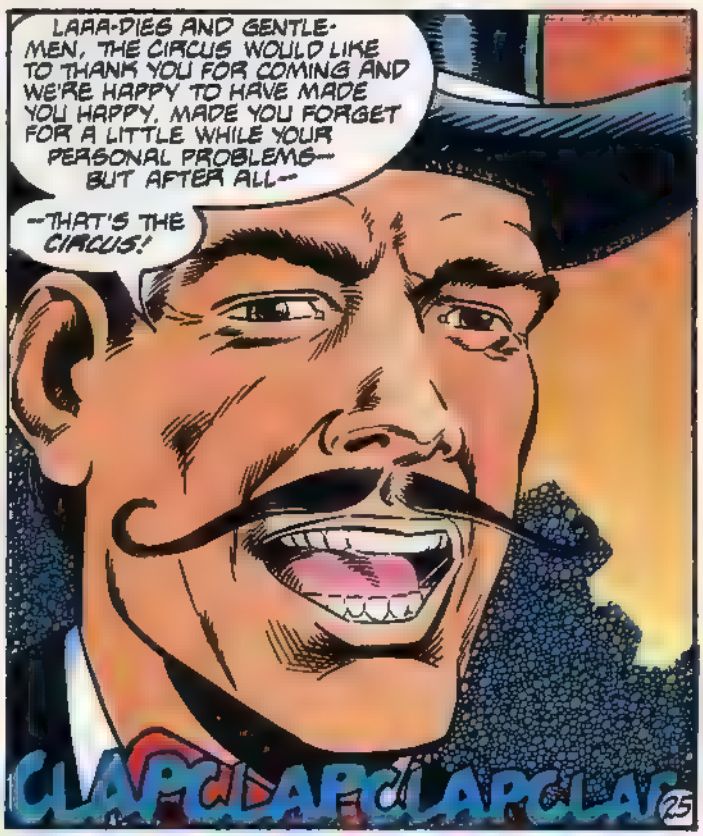

DON'T WORRY. HE MIGHT MAKE IT.
YOU REALLY THINK SO, DOC?
AMBULANCE
WELL, I USUALLY PERFORM THAT STUFF ON ANIMALS, BUT A HEART'S A HEART, RIGHT?


HANG TOUGH, GUYS.
I NEED A DRINK.

LAAADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE GRAND FINALE... THE CIRCUS WALK!!


CLAPCLAPCLAP CLAP
YE-AAAHHH!

YEAH, OKAY, I'LL TELL THEM. THANKS.
GOOD CROWD TONIGHT -- THAT THE HOSPITAL, CHARLIE?
YEAH... GRIF DIDN'T MAKE IT. DOA.
HEY, RINGO, YOU'RE ON!


LAAA-DIES AND GENTLE-MEN, THE CIRCUS WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR COMING AND WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE MADE YOU HAPPY. MADE YOU FORGET FOR A LITTLE WHILE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS— BUT AFTER ALL—
--THAT'S THE CIRCUS!
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

I WISH WE COULD HAVE THANKED POLESTAR.
ME, TOO.
GOOD SHOW, HUH, TACKY?
CIRCUS
COOPER ST.
LOTTERY
VERY ENTERTAINING. VERY EXCITING. AND COLORFUL.
YEAH. THAT'S THE CIRCUS.
the End

WHAT ARE WE SCARED OF?

When issues concerning moral choices and individual decisions enter the public arena, people are asked to take sides. When there is no black or white, but only shades of gray, who is right and who is wrong? When ***does*** life start? Life-deathlifedeathlifedeathlifedeath . . . where is the break in the cycle? What comes first? The chicken or the egg? A pregnant woman is declared brain-dead, but, supported by respirators, her body is delivered of a healthy full-term infant by the doctors weeks later. A woman dies, a code is called, and she is resuscitated . . . and she repeats, word for word, the things the doctors and nurses said while they worked on her clinically dead body. A man whose vital signs I just took (BP 120/80, PULSE 72, RESPIRATIONS 18—textbook normal) sits up, says "Good-bye," and falls down dead . . . and this time the code fails. A woman pushes her infant into the world on the third floor . . . and up in SICU a young trauma victim dies. Karen Ann Quinlan is taken off the life-support systems by court order . . . and lives for another ten years. Kitty Genovese screams for help while being murdered, and 40 neighbors only sit and watch and listen . . . lifedeathlifedeathlifedeathlife deathlife . . .

And schools and parents butt heads over sex education. What are we scared of?

NEXT, IN the NEW WAVE **#12**

HIGH TIDE

Continuing the forum...

Dear Mindy,

I have just recently read issues #6 and #7 of **The New Wave,** and I feel that I have to comment. I like the book and can see its potential. I have also seen your skill and talent as a writer and know what you can do, but that isn't why I can't sleep at three in the morning.

There was a letter in issue #7 that has me bothered. This letter and your answer has me bothered and I have to say or do something, otherwise I'll never get to sleep. The author of this letter had counted 3 or 4 curse words in your first issue, and had taken offense, and what's worse, had asked the editor to make you eliminate the use of such words in the future. First off, I have to say that I read that issue and did not notice these offensive words. Please don't take that to mean I didn't read the book carefully. The time I have to read is precious to me and whatever I read I read carefully to maximize my pleasure. The reason I did not notice these words is that they seemed to fit and sounded natural. I'm sure that for you as a writer, this was the desired effect.

I feel that dialogue in a comic or almost any book must mirror real life speech. It is easier for us to suspend disbelief, to accept super-powered characters, if they sound normal. The letter writer even suggested you could substitute other words, such as "darn." I don't know about you, but the last time I heard that word was on a rerun of **The Real McCoys,** and even then it was used for its "gol-danged" comedic effect. "Sweet Mother of Pearl" people do not really talk that way: therefore, it was supposed to be funny.

That letter has gotten me thinking about censorship, children, and the roles of men and women in society. Quite a lot for a letter in the back of a comic book.

Recently, the 7-11 stores bowed to pressure and removed **Playboy** from their racks. You know what? You can still find **Soldier of Fortune** and **Playgirl** there. Is it more harmful for a man to look at a nude woman than it is for a woman to look at a nude man? *(Good question. —mn)* Is it more harmful to look at a nude woman than it is to glorify Rambo? *(Is the latter a sublimation of the former? Or vice-versa? Sex and war—or violence—are deeply entwined in our psyches... a basic psychiatric precept. —mn)* That seems to be what 7-11 is saying. Now, I haven't bought a copy of **Playboy** in many years, but I strongly object to having my right to do so taken away.

In my state, they passed a law that was supposed to stop child pornography. This law is being used to scare store owners into eliminating all items that could be called pornographic by anyone. **Playboy** has been removed from all the stores in the county I live in. Several people have been tried and convicted under this law and sentenced to a year in jail. It seems to me that there are already enough laws to deal with child pornography. What about statutory rape, child molestation, contributing to the delinquency of a minor? All these laws carry a stiffer penalty, and should be easier to enforce. *(The operative word is "should." —mn)* The books or photos or whatever could be interred as evidence for the prosecution as indisputable proof.

Please don't think I'm in favor of child porn; it's disgusting—it's just that censorship is disgusting, also, and there are other, more effective, less objectionable ways to handle the problem.

There are all sorts of people out there who want to ban all sorts of books from schools and public libraries, as well as store shelves. This scares me to death. As an avid reader I can't get enough books I enjoy and I don't want anyone telling me what I can't read. I prefer to make up my own mind, thank you very much.

It seems to me that the people who want to practice censorship are breaking several fundamental American concepts: the right of free speech, the freedom of the press shall not be abridged, and my right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This country was founded on those principles, and I resent anyone who tries to take them away, no matter what their reason.

At this point my mind is awhirl with ideas, so if this letter is disjointed, I'm sorry. *(Don't worry about it. —mn)* I'm also sorry for any misspelled words *(Ditto. —mn),* but I'm trying to write as fast as I can while everything is still fresh in my mind.

So the great state to my west thinks it's wrong to teach boys that it's all right to cook. *(Not the State of Tennessee, Charles; a group of professed Christian parents. Tennessee's State Board of Education is the defendant in the trial. —mn)* As a non-married man, I must say that I think they have the proper attitude. The fewer men who know how romantic it can be to prepare a nice candlelit meal for a woman the better off I will be. I enjoy cooking and especially so when I have the chance to do so for someone special. I smile and laugh and talk to myself and generally have a great time the whole time I am in the kitchen. *(Ah, but who does the dishes? —mn)* Anyway, I say more power to Tennessee, and I hope they keep up the good work.

Now let's get back to the serious business of censorship. It is time we readers and you writers and publishers do something. My representatives don't seem to care how I, by myself, feel. Of course, I feel that some of them, and especially one senior senator (Jesse Helms) are brain dead, and, worse than that, an embarrassment to the state. By the way, when I was in college at Chapel Hill, he was an editorialist for a local TV station. We used to watch him every night; he had the best comedy show on. When the U.N. voted to admit China, he came out and denounced every member who voted in favor. Why? Well, he listed every country that the United States had ever given money or aid to, and implied that they had betrayed us by voting the way they did. What he was in effect saying was that we paid for their support and those dirty crooks didn't stay bought. He was even mad at Russia for voting to admit China because we had helped them in World War II. *(Actually, they were our* allies; *and the second front helped us tremendously in Europe, especially since we were, in the beginning, losing the war in the Pacific. Hitler's invasion of Russia put a lot of pressure on the Third Reich, and took a bit of pressure off Britain and the United States. It certainly helped to turn the tide. —mn)* Because of him, his TV station refused to air an episode of the Mike Douglas Show because it featured the Beatles. This is the type of person who is in almost absolute control of the state in which I live. By the way, he was known as "Massa Jesse" by every student at U.N.C. during that time. Of course, he came out and said we were nothing but Communists and that Chapel Hill should be fenced off from the rest of North Carolina.

As an individual, there doesn't seem to be much I can do. Maybe together we can make a difference. That tactic sure seems to be working for those who want to be our moral guardians. Personally, I want to be my own moral protector, and I think it's time to try and make a difference. Let's write letters, see if the flood of our mail can't wash away the spectre of censorship. The time to act is now, as our freedom to read and write hangs in the balance. Remember, it's easier to protect what you have than it is to regain that which you have lost.

Sincerely,
Charles Kelly
P.O. Box 991
Old Fort, North Carolina
28762

And act *on your power to* vote, *people. —mn*

Happy Holidays to Glenn C. Newell, M.D.

(Did you get the tickets to Anaheim, yet?)

—Mindy

Those wishing to start their own chapter of the *Glenn C. Newell, M.D. Fan Club*, can write to Glenn c/o High Tide.